

The Mirror

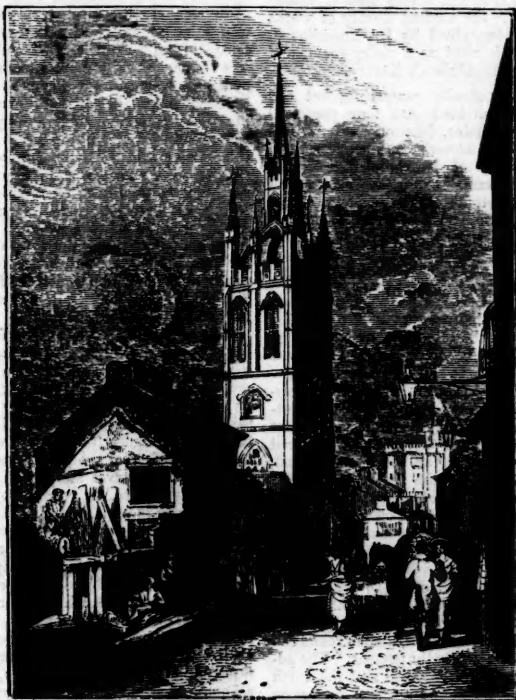
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 976.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1839.

[PRICE 2d.]



ST. NICHOLAS' CHURCH,

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

THE living of St. Nicholas is a vicarage, rated in the king's books at 50*l*., and in the patronage of the Bishop of Carlisle. The church, originally built in 1091, was burnt down in 1216, and the present structure rebuilt in 1359. It is a spacious cruciform structure, two hundred and forty feet long, and seventy-three broad, principally in the decorated style of English architecture, with a steeple one hundred and ninety-five feet high, of singular beauty, in the later style: from the battlements of the tower rise octagonal turrets, crowned with crocketed pinnacles, of which the central are lower than those at the angles; from these spring four flying buttresses, of graceful curve, meeting in a point, and

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supporting an elegant lantern turret, unequalled in beauty, and surmounted by a small crocketed spire, terminating in a vane; the interior retains many vestiges of its former antiquity, among which are the carved oak roofs, the font, and other relics. In the east window is a painting of our Saviour bearing his cross, presented, at the cost of 50*l*., by the corporation. Over the communion table is a fine painting of the Last Supper, by Tintoretto, the gift of the late Sir M. W. Ridley, Bart.

During the occupation of the town by the Scottish army, many of the ancient monuments were destroyed, and others were removed, in the repairs and modernizations

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which have taken place. Of those that remain, the principal are to the memory of Sir Matthew White Ridley, M.P., Vice-admiral Collingwood, the Rev. Hugh Moises, A.M., and several others.

On the southern side of the church is a building erected by the late Sir W. Blackett, Bart., who bequeathed a salary for a librarian, for the preservation of a very ancient collection of books,—the ancient library of works on divinity, bequeathed by Dr. Thomlinson: the lower part is used as a vestry-room, and the upper for Thomlinson's library.

Newcastle, originally comprising but one parish, is now divided into four parochial districts, St. Nicholas, (the original parish,) All Saints', St. Andrew's, and St. John's, in the archdeaconry of Northumberland, and diocese of Durham. In the church-yard of St. John's, is a tomb to the memory of the poet Cunningham, who died in this town, 1773.

CITY ANTIQUITIES.

THE excavations in progress in the City for improvements in the sewerage, and for other public works, are continually affording new matters of interest to the antiquary. A few weeks since, the labourers engaged in deepening a sewer in Thames-street, opposite Vintner's Hall, in the middle of the street, at a depth of ten feet from the surface, discovered the perfect remains of an old Roman wall, running parallel with the line of the river. The wall was formed of alternate layers of flint, chalk, and flat tiles, and offered considerable obstructions to the workmen, from the firmness with which the materials were fixed together. About the middle of Queen-street, at a depth of nineteen feet below the surface, were found the remains of an elegant Mosaic pavement, which belonged to a dwelling-house, and which indicated that the Roman roads ran in different directions to the present. The position of this pavement showed that the earth had accumulated over the original surface to a height exceeding fifteen feet. During the late excavations to Moorfields, many rich and rare coins were found in fine preservation. In the immediate vicinity of the Roman Catholic Chapel was discovered a beautiful sepulchral inscription, denoting the vicinity as a former place of sepulture, and also many sepulchral vases. In the excavations in Charterhouse-square, and those already commenced in the formation of the new street from Holborn to Islington, no antiquities have been discovered. The collections of the City Museum, at Guildhall, devoted to antiquities, and of Mr. Smith, of Lothbury, a distinguished city antiquary, have received considerable additions from these recent discoveries.—*Times*.

The Naturalist.

SNOW.

WHEN drops of water are congealed into spicule in the air, they collect, in falling, into flakes of snow. Above the region of the glaciers, the snow sometimes falls in separate spicules. When examined with a microscope, snow reveals a beautiful structure; consisting of needles, which are regular six-sided prisms; formed from a rhomboid, which is the primitive shape. It falls more abundantly in temperate than in arctic regions; and is found to be beneficial rather than otherwise; for, being a bad conductor of heat, it preserves the plants beneath, from too great a degree of cold. On one occasion, in Germany, snow fell on the corn which was in flower, and preserved it from a hard frost which followed; so that ultimately the corn ripened. Underneath ice, snow is often found to be not lower in temperature than thirty-two degrees (just the freezing-point); and hence people buried under the snow, if permitted a free access of air, may live a long while; because warmer there than if on the surface.

Red snow has been observed at Baffin's Bay, and the neighbouring regions. Its colour was found to be owing to minute red mushrooms, or funguses, growing in the snow. In an account of Sir John Ross's last voyage, this phenomena is noticed as follows:—"On the 17th of August, it was discovered that the snow on the face of the cliffs presented an appearance both novel and interesting; being apparently stained, or covered by some substance which gave it a deep crimson colour. Many conjectures were formed concerning the cause of this appearance; and a party was despatched from the ship to bring off some of the snow. It was found to be penetrated, in many places to the depth of ten or twelve feet, by the colouring matter; and it had the appearance of having been a long time in that state. On being brought on board, the snow was examined with a microscope, magnifying a hundred times: and the red substance appeared to consist of particles resembling a very minute round seed;—all of them being of the same size, and of a deep red colour. On their being dissolved in water, the latter assumed the appearance of muddy port-wine; and, in a few hours, it deposited a sediment, which was again examined with the microscope. It was found to be composed entirely of red matter; which, when applied to paper, produced a colour resembling that of Indian red. It was the opinion of Dr. Wollaston, that this was not a marine production; but a vegetable substance, produced in the mountain immediately above." Among the glaciers, yellow snow is sometimes found. Captain Scoresby observed snow of an orange-colour;—owing to the presence of minute animals.

What is called "the snow-line," is the region where congelation commences. As

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heated air ascends, how is it that the cold increases as we go up a mountain! The reason is, that the density of the air diminishes as we ascend; and, consequently, its heat is absorbed (becoming *latent*, as it is called); so that the temperature falls. Within the tropics, the snow-line is generally stationary; because the temperature there does not vary much; but, as we recede from the equator, the height of the snow-line is more variable;—becoming again stationary at the poles. Under the equator, this line is many thousand feet above the level of the sea. At forty degrees north latitude, its height is about nine thousand feet above the level of the sea, in summer; but in winter it falls lower. At sixty degrees north latitude, the height of the summer snow-line is about three thousand seven hundred feet; but in winter it falls to the level of the sea. At the poles, it is supposed that the snow lies all the year round;—the weather changing but little. There are some modifying circumstances which influence the snow-line. Suppose a range of mountains, in the same latitude, with one end reaching to the sea. At this end the snow-line will be lower than at any other part; because this portion of the range, being near the sea, is invested, during a large portion of the year, with mists and fogs, which keep down the temperature; while, in the interior, the valleys become heated, and thus force up the snow-line to a greater height. This is the case with the Scandinavian mountains. In the range of the Pyrenees, the two ends are kept cool by the means just stated; and the snow-line is therefore higher in the middle;—so that it assumes a convex form. In a range of mountains in Switzerland, the snow-line on their *south* side (exposed to the sun) is ten thousand feet above the level of the sea; but on the *north* side, it is only three thousand six hundred feet.

GLACIERS.

The lower part of the snow-line, which we have just been describing, differs from the snow above; for the snow is partially melted in summer, and again frozen in winter;—forming what are called "glaciers." The glacial region is most extensive in temperate climates; for there the alternations of heat and cold are greatest. In Switzerland, this region is five or six miles broad. The principal glaciers occur in deep valleys; and their thickness varies from one hundred to two hundred feet. They are often situated on inclined planes; and, being pushed down by their own weight, frequently form crevices or chasms. Above Chamouni is a grand glacier, called "the sea of ice" (*la mer de glace*). The surface of these glaciers is generally rough; so that they may be walked upon, though inclined. They are often opaque; from containing numerous cavities, like small cells. Some of these cells are shaped like a pear, and contain no air; while others are globular, and do contain air. Glacial ice has a *granular*

structure (composed of grains); and the granules have sometimes a six-sided prismatic form. It is interesting to find this structure in solidified water; as it also exists in rocks, both Neptunian and Plutonian.

Extensive caves are sometimes found in glaciers; often communicating with each other. The chasms we before mentioned, are often very deep; and if concealed by a thin covering of snow, are very dangerous. A Mr. Asher fell down one of them, and was killed instantly;—his body being crushed in the narrowest part of the chasm. But others have been found, uninjured, on a projecting rock; or even suspended midway;—having been caught in the fall, and thus died a lingering death.

A moraine is a collection of great stones, at the lower part of glaciers. Moraines are now sometimes found where glaciers no longer exist; and, in some other instances, the existing moraines prove that the glaciers to which they belong formerly extended lower than they do now. Glaciers slide downward; so that masses of them are found below the snow-line. This sliding is owing to the heat of the earth melting the lower part of the glaciers. Some travellers have felt glaciers moving downward while they were walking on them. In one case, some of the party were lighting their pipes, when they observed all about them moving; with rents in the glacier closing, and others opening, with a frightful noise. But all was soon quiet.

N. R.

QUANTITY OF BLOOD IN THE HUMAN FRAME.

THE following account of the quantity of blood in the human frame at the different stages of existence, is given by Dr. Valentin on the *Bulletin Général de Thérapeutique Médicale*:—In the male subject, the blood at birth weighs 0.73 of a kilogramme (the kilogramme is 2½ lb.); at one year, 2.29; at two years, 2.75; at three, 3.03; at four, 3.46; at five, 3.83; at six, 4.14; at seven, 4.62; at eight, 5.10; at nine, 5.52; at ten, 5.99; at eleven, 6.38; at twelve, 7.11; at thirteen, 8.10; at fourteen, 9.28; at fifteen, 10.64; at sixteen, 12.24; at seventeen, 13.16; at eighteen, 14.04; at nineteen, 14.52; at twenty, 14.90; at twenty-five, 15.66; at thirty, 15.80; at forty, 15.78; at fifty, 15.47; at sixty, 15.02; at seventy, 14.45; at eighty, 14.04.—In females, it is as follows: At birth, kilogramme, 0.59; at one year, 1.88; at two, 2.31; at three, 2.52; at four, 2.87; at five, 3.14; at six, 3.39; at seven, 3.74; at eight, 4.02; at nine, 4.55; at ten, 4.90; at eleven, 5.32; at twelve, 6.19; at thirteen, 7.03; at fourteen, 7.72; at fifteen, 8.37; at sixteen, 9.01; at seventeen, 9.95; at eighteen, 10.77; at twenty, 11.04; at twenty-five, 11.17; at thirty, 11.18; at forty, 11.49; at fifty, 11.85; at sixty, 11.50; at seventy, 10.89; at eighty, 10.45.

RAILROADS OF FRANCE, GERMANY,
AND SPAIN.

FRANCE.

The first railroad in France was a small one at Mount Cenis, constructed, in 1783, by Wilkinson, an Englishman, for the use of the foundries of Creusot. The St. Etienne and Andrezieux railroad extends from St. Etienne, which is the seat of extensive iron manufactures, and in the neighbourhood of rich coal-mines, to Andrezieux on the Loire. It was commenced in 1825, and is the first railroad of any extent that has been constructed in France. The road consists of but one track of rails, and, with its branches, is about 12 miles and three-fifths in length. The rails are of the edge kind, formed of cast iron. The curves of the road are from 250 to 333½ feet radius. The cost was 74,095 francs a kilometre, which is equal to 3,280 feet 11 inches. The transportation upon it is effected by means of horses. The yearly transportation amounts to from 60,000 to 80,000 tons. This road is connected with the railroad from Roanne to Andrezieux.

Roanne and Andrezieux Railroad.—This enterprise completes the grand system of communication between the South and the North, from the basin of the Rhone to those of the Loire and of the Seine, and will remedy the great difficulties in the navigation of the Loire above Roanne. It was undertaken principally with the view of facilitating the transportation of coal from St. Etienne to the basins of the Loire and Seine, and will form a continuation of the railroad from the Loire to St. Etienne. At Roanne, the Loire becomes navigable both in the ascent and descent. This railroad has only one track; the rails are of wrought iron; the curves in the road have 666½ feet radius. It is estimated that the annual transportation upon the road would be from 160,000 to 180,000 tons. The cost was 50,746 francs (about 9,500 dollars) per kilometre.

Lyons and St. Etienne Railroad, extends from Lyons to St. Etienne, following the river Gier and the Rhone, thus connecting two of the principal manufacturing cities of France. It is a double-track railroad, and is 34 miles and four-fifths in length. The rails are of wrought iron, supported on stone: the curves of this road have at least 1,666 feet radius. The route is divided into three divisions. The first division extends from Lyons to Givors. The principal works on this division are, the bridge over the Saone, the deep cut at Pierre Bénite, the Passage de Vernaison, and the Tunnel of the Mulatiere. The second division extends from Givors to Rive de Gier. The Tunnel of Rive de Gier is 3,020 feet in length. The third division extends from Rive de Gier to St. Etienne. It is connected, by a branch-road, with the railroad from St. Etienne to the Loire. The tunnels upon this railroad are fourteen in number, and their aggregate length

13,123 feet. The shortest of these tunnels will contain two tracks, and will be 16 feet 4½ inches wide; the other will be only 10 feet in width, and will contain only one track. The cost of this road was 9,939,000 francs, (about 1,813,870*l.* sterling.) It was commenced in 1826, and finished in 1831. The annual transportation is estimated at 317,000 tons. Locomotive engines, manufactured by Seguin, are used upon this road, which are said to be superior in power to the similar English engines, and are much lighter and cheaper. The locomotives of Seguin cost 10,000 francs, (about 1,875*l.* sterling;) produce 400 kilogrammes of steam per hour, (about 882 pounds), and weigh only 6,000 kilogrammes, (about 13,230 pounds.)

Paris and Versailles Railroad.—This was commenced in 1827. It extends from the road near the Hospital des Invalides, at Paris, to Versailles. It is intended only to convey travellers to the royal palace. The carriages contain six persons, drawn by one horse. Upon an average, 600 to 800 persons travel daily from Paris to Versailles.

Epinae Railroad.—A company has been formed for the purpose of constructing a railroad from Epinae to the canal of Burgogne. By this means the collieries of Epinae will be able to supply with coals Franche Comté, Burgogne, Champagne, and, generally, all the country traversed by a part of the Saone, the Canal Monsieur, the Canal of Burgogne, and the Yonne; and when the Canal of Burgogne is finished, they will be able to supply Paris with coals at a price much less than that of any now consumed there. A railroad is about to be constructed from Paris to Rouen, with branches to Havre and Dieppe, connecting the metropolis with a large manufacturing town. The cost of a railroad, with a double track, from Paris to Havre, is estimated at 118,000 francs (about 22,120*l.* sterling) per kilometre of 3,280 feet; and the annual transportation between these two cities is about 300,000 tons. It has also been determined to construct a railroad from Paris to Pontoise. Measures were adopted to effect this object in the latter part of the year 1831. Railroads have also been projected from Paris to Lyons, from Strasburg to Paris, and from Calais to Paris.

GERMANY: Danube and Moldau Railway.—The Danube and the Moldau have been connected by a railroad, extending from Munthausen, in Austria, to Budweis, in Bohemia. It is 75 miles in length, and has a single track. It is constructed of iron tracks, laid upon rails of wood, and cost 600,000*l.* sterling. This work was commenced in 1826. It produces to the proprietors an annual income of 10 per cent.: a single horse draws upon it a load of 10 tons. It has been determined by the governments of Hanover and Brunswick to construct a railroad, uniting the cities of Harburg and Luneburg with Celle and Brun-

wick. The Chevalier Baader has proposed to unite the Danube and the Rhine by a railroad. The project of uniting these two rivers by a canal was first proposed by Charlemagne, and the project has lately been revived in Germany. The distance by a canal would be 78 geometrical leagues, and the cost would be 8,000,000 florins. Baader proposes to substitute a railroad, which would be only 32 geometrical leagues in length; by means of which, boats might be transported from Donawert to Markbreit on the Mein in 30 hours. The route proposed commences at Donawert, and proceeds along the left bank of the Wornitz, till it arrive opposite Hasbourg, situated on the right bank; thence, passing near Hoping, Schrattenhoff, Wornitz, Oettingen, Belterhaus, and Diebach, it terminates at Markbreit, on the Mein.

RUSSIA.—In Russia, railways have long been in use.

SPAIN.—A railroad from Jarez to Puerto de Santa Maria and San Lucar has been projected. The estimated cost is 40,000*l.*, and it is proposed to raise that sum in 4,000 shares, at 10*l.* each. It is under the direct patronage of the King and Queen, the former having subscribed for 60 shares, and the latter for 40 shares. This list also contains the names of four *grandes* and two ministers. At present, all the sherry wine which is exported is carried at a great expense from Jarez to the place of shipment: it is to be hereafter transported on the railroad. If the undertaking prove successful, it will probably lead to the introduction of railroads in other districts, where they are equally wanted. Corn, in the interior of Spain, is almost valueless, from the cost and delay in transporting it to the coast.

W. A.

REMARKABLE GIPSY PROPHECY.*

A MRS. FARARA (an Englishwoman) "accompanied her husband to Algiers, where the general impression was, that he was not always so kind to his gentle wife as he ought to have been; but alas! ere long, besides such secret grief, she had other and more poignant sorrows to endure. A son was born to her,—a lovely boy; so lovely, indeed, was he, that he excited the admiration of all who beheld him. He had just completed his second year, and was one evening at the open door of their house, held in the arms of a Christian slave, who was a hired servant of Signor Farara's (no Christian being permitted to have slaves of their own), looking at the passers-by, who failed not to pay some compliment, or express some kind wish, as they gazed on the beautiful child. At length came a *gitana* (a gipsy); she stopped, and looking earnestly at the boy, she said, 'It will be well for you if you pass your fourth year.' Scarcely had she said these

words, when the slaves who held the child, and one or two other servants that were standing by him, drove the luckless creature from before them, and entering the house, closed the door. As may be supposed, the circumstance failed not to make considerable impression on their minds; and, in their indignation at the ill-omened predictor, they told the circumstance to the parents, who were so much affected at it, although poor Mrs. Farara said she tried to drive away the superstition as sinful, that they scarcely allowed their darling to leave their sight for an instant. This is not an imaginary tale; and however futile it may appear, I can only relate it as it was. The fair child continued to increase in beauty and intelligence, and his doting parents in their pride and joy in beholding him, although their hearts failed not to quail whenever the dire prediction shot across their anxious minds. Mrs. Farara constantly declined the invitations she received from the different consular families, although her doing so was the cause of much regret; so much was she esteemed and respected, especially by the lady of the American consul, between whom and Mrs. Farara there existed, of course, a more than common sympathy of habits and tastes, so that it was with no ordinary self-denial that she returned a refusal to the many friendly invitations from the American Garden; but one day the hospitable owner called upon Mrs. Farara, with a positive determination to make her and Signor Farara return with her. All excuses were negatived, her husband joined in expressing his desire that they should comply with the flattering invitation; therefore, after giving the most earnest and particular injunctions for every member of their household, to surround the beloved object of their solicitude with every caution and care, the anxious parents mounted their mules, and accompanied their kind hostess to the American Garden; but ere they had reached it, what were the poor mother's feelings of self-reproach and regret, when she recollected that this was the birth-day of her precious child; that this day completed his fourth year. Oh! why then had she been induced to leave him! the gipsy's prediction was not yet fulfilled, and surely will not be now, added she, as she strove to smile, in answer to some remark of one of her companions. Again, let me repeat, this is not an imaginary story, but one which I have often heard repeated by more than one witness of this sad, but alas! true event; and need I add, that the sorrowful impression with which I heard the circumstances related, has not ceased to keep alive in my recollection all the affecting details. So careful was every individual of the family in sympathizing with the strict orders of the absent parents, that they each strove who could best watch over the precious child; and the most confidential persons of the household, the two *scrivanos*, or clerks, had desired that the *Carissimo Piccolo* might play about the counting-house, that they might be enabled

* Broughton's Six Years' Residence in Algiers.

[Saunders and Otley.]

faithfully to fulfil their promise of watching over his safety. The playful boy scrambled up the back of their chairs, pinched their hair, then tried to snatch the paper they were writing upon from beneath their pens; their cheeks were placed parallel to each other; they ceased from writing and gazed, admiring his playfulness; instinctively they both took up their penknives to mend their quills, when, strange, awful fatality! the devoted child, in playful defiance, attacked one of them, who in return, pretended to stab him with his penknife; he turned to his other guardian, who as thoughtlessly did the same, and the blooming boy fell upon its blade,—it pierced his little heart.—The dire forebodings of the *gitana* were realized, and the disconsolate parents were for ever bereft of their only child."

Spirit of the Annuals.

The Oriental Annual for 1840. [Tilt.]

[This volume is perfectly Oriental, not only in its pleasing and romantic Tales, Legends, and Historical Romances, but also in the prodigality of its luxuriant Embellishments, from which it would be invidious to make a selection, where all alike are resplendent: the frontispiece is particularly attractive—a Portrait of the Emperor Akbar Shar II., from a drawing by a native, within a border, composed in pure Oriental taste—it is indeed a sparkling *mercenae*. From among its pleasing literary treasures, we select the following account of

NEILGHERRIES.]

The Neilgherri mountains are within the province of Koimbatore, in Southern India, a little below the country of Maisore. They extend east and west, and form a connecting link between the Eastern and Western Ghâts. Geographers would rank them in the second class of mountains, the altitude of their highest peak being something less than nine thousand feet.

Here, amid the raging heats of the tropics, scarcely twelve degrees north of the equator,

The breezy Spring
Stands loosely floating on the mountain-top,
And deals her sweets around.

Hither, from the scorched and panting soil of the plains, from the smiting breath of pestilent jungles, the traveller may be transported, almost as speedily as the reader, to regions of perpetual vernal freshness and health. And here the wandering European meets a thousand fairy friends in the "langsyne" flowers which crowd upon his path. The violet, the primrose, the buttercup, and wild anemone, with countless varieties of the orchis tribe, throng every bank; the wild thyme, and the tall feathering fern, clothe the steep mountain side; while here the dog-rose, there the flowering woodbine, come peering through the clustered shrubs, to seek the genial sunshine. The woods are carpeted with familiar mosses and lichens, in endless variety of tints, down to the very edge of the prattling streamlet, which, dashing through the downward glen, gathers a thousand springs in its devious

chase, until it plunges, a gushing torrent of foam, over some hanging precipice. Now, intercepted in its giddy flight by a projecting rock, the broad volume is scattered into many broken channels, and creeps away through the sheltering underwoods; now, in numberless cataracts, it once more leaps a jutting cliff, and mingles all its waters in a foaming pool. How unlike INDIA! In all of these, in every light, in every shadow, a host of airy tongues whisper the names of places and of people which all dissolve into that one word, Home. Yet soon the vision fades, as the eye follows the course of the swelling stream. Away it glides in a soft murmuring current, more broad, more smooth, more slow, through darkening shores, through sultry forests, and the desert wild, down to the baking plains. But a hasty glance, a hasty thought, of perils past and miseries escaped, refills the measure of delight, and the imagination weaves once more the happier picture of "sweet home," from "the large aggregate of little things" which crowd upon the memory, and speak of bygone times.

Whence came these pleasant scenes! is the natural question of the admiring traveller; and if a well-informed Koimbatorei be within earshot, he will be answered—"From the moon." Yes, verily, from the moon! says the legend current among the Hindoos of Koimbatore; for the god Ram, being in pursuit of his enemy Ravanna, who, it is well known, had forcibly carried off the divine goddess Sita, sped through the vaulted heavens, having his sword drawn, ready to deal the death-blow of revenge. In the forgetfulness of his direful wrath, lo! by an incautious wave of his mighty weapon, he struck the moon with the point thereof, and severed from the face of that beauteous globe a chain of verdant mountains, which immediately fell to the earth, in the province of Koimbatore, and united the Eastern and Western Ghâts. Hence came the Chandaghirri, [Mountains of the Moon,] a name which was subsequently changed by the auspicious Ram to Neilgherri, [Blue Mountains,] because he could not endure to be reminded of his awkward mischance. If the hearer be incredulous, the ingenious Koimbatorei will speedily apply an argument for the subversion of his scepticism, which he believes to be incontrovertible:—Let him look upon the moon when three or four days old, and he will see, upon her unequal disk, the very spot from which the Neilgherries were cut off. The horns are seen to project beyond the unilluminated portion of the sphere, exhibiting what the English peasant calls "the old moon in the new moon's arms," and this imperfect part of the circumference is that whence came the Neilgherries. If the philosopher endeavour to explain the optical illusion, the Koimbatorei listens politely to the end of his exposition, and then tells him that his argument must go for nothing, since he himself must have been convinced, even

though unconverted, by the more simple and comprehensible tale of Ram and Ravana.

The Neilgherries are inhabited by three distinct races, who call themselves aborigines; the Kotas, the Burgas, and the Thodas. These several tribes hold themselves entirely apart, the one from the other, except as the Burgas are tenants of the Thodas, in whom is the right of soil. They appear to emulate dissimilitude in all things, although apparently free from jealousy or aversion. Their abodes, their laws, their language, their religion, (if a faint notion of a Supreme Power may be so called,) their habits and pursuits, their costume, their very persons, are almost as dissimilar as it would be possible to make them. The Kotas, forming about a tenth part of the whole population, are a wretched, insignificant, degraded race; unsightly in person, whose intellect can scarcely be said to amount to anything more than instinct, and who are governed by few laws except those of the brute creation.

The Burgas are the most numerous class, are somewhat more personable, and apparently more cleanly, though it is questionable if they be much more civilized than the Kotas. They are the cultivators of the soil, and are a very industrious race, notwithstanding they are said to have sprung originally from the inert Hindoos. In person they are diminutive, but active; the countenance is far from intelligent, though mild, and the complexion is fair. Both sexes would be vastly more engaging if they could be taught the luxury of cleanliness; but, alas! like the *paharris* of the Himalas, they are said to wash but once in seven years. The costume of the women, though very original, also appears susceptible of improvement, inasmuch as discomfort and unsightliness would seem to have been the desiderata of the invention. It consists of a peculiar style of petticoat—to call it rude, to call it uncouth, barbarous, would give no adequate notion of its incongruous discomfort and unsightliness—made of the very crudest description of coarse hempen-cloth, in the fashion of an elongated sack, but open at bottom. Being tied by a running string immediately under the arms, it descends to the ankles, leaving the neck, shoulders, and arms, bare; and again it is confined at the knees, in the same manner, by a second string; so that it is impossible for the wearer to take an extended step, the extreme inconvenience of which, in a mountainous country, may be readily conceived.

The villages of the Burgas are as singular, and, apparently, as comfortable, as the apparel of the females. They are built upon the hill-side, so as to form three faces of a square, with the open side towards the valley; the whole range being divided into cots, the dimensions whereof must certainly require that the inmates, considering their usual numbers, should be stowed away in layers reaching to the roof. What the arrangement may really

be, I am unable to declare, but, certain it is, that in the evening, when all have returned home, however full the huts may seem to be of chattering men, the common square is filled with scolding women, and naked screaming children. Yet at night all have retired within their narrow domiciles, and nothing would indicate the presence of so great a multitude, save a loud yet stifled noise, which might be taken for the hard breathing of the gigantic Ram, suffering under the oppression of an elephantine night-mare.

The Thodas are in every respect superior to their fellow-mountaineers, the Kotas and Burgas, partaking more of the character of highlanders, being equal in stature to Europeans, nearly as muscular, enjoying hardy constitutions, excellent intelligence, and having withal regular, handsome, Roman features, with fine clear brown complexions, and full beards. Their deportment is remarkably frank and easy, their dispositions generous, and their manners altogether peculiarly agreeable to Europeans, because free from the fulsome cycnophany of the Hindoos. Their costume somewhat resembles the Roman toga, and consists of one piece of cotton cloth wound round the body, leaving the right arm at liberty, and thrown over the left shoulder. Indeed, altogether there is a striking resemblance to the ancient Romans about these singular people; quite sufficient, certainly, to encourage the research of the curious. True it is that they believe themselves to be aboriginal inhabitants of these mountains; but they have no history of their forefathers, no sort of records, no remnants even of tradition, and scarcely any religion, except a few vague notions which have evidently been borrowed from the Hindoos. They possess no knowledge of writing, and their language is said to have no affinity, either in root or inflection, to any other Oriental tongue. When, to all these circumstances, we add that, in several parts of Southern India, Roman* and Byzantine coins, and other relics, have been discovered, I cannot but think that their Roman origin may be fairly suspected; at all events, the speculation must be well worthy of scientific investigation.

These Thodas are a pastoral people, subsisting entirely upon the produce of their buffaloes, which they keep in immense herds, migrating from place to place for the sake of pasture. Their villages are usually built in an open glade, sheltered above on two sides by a hanging wood, and the spots appear always to be selected with an eye to the beauties of the scenery. The huts are curious, being built of small bows of trees, interlaced in a form like the tilt of an English wagon, and then thatched; the walls being woven

* In A. D. 1800, a Roman urn was discovered below the foundation of an ancient building at Palasi, in Koimbatour, containing a great many coins of Augustus and Tiberius, which are, I believe, now in the possession of the East India Company. This is one instance only among many such discoveries.

with twigs and plastered with mud. For the sake of warmth, the doors to these cabins are made so small, that it is difficult to imagine how the sturdy highlanders, even on their hands and knees, can creep into them. One large hut of this kind in the centre of the village serves the double purpose of a general dairy and a temple of worship. The Thoda women are comely in countenance, and of a graceful figure. During the season of emigration, they visit Ootakamund, and other European settlements, and perambulate the place with mountain fruits for sale. They are most amusingly inquisitive, and require little encouragement for the gratification of their curiosity. Among them, as indeed is the case in all the mountainous countries of India, polygamy prevails, without any appearance of jealousy or disunion. Whether this singular fact be referable to any disparity in the numbers of the respective sexes among the mountaineers of India I am unable to say; but surely it cannot be attributable, as other travellers have suggested, to peculiarity of climate, or physical constitution? This, too, I leave for the decision of the more learned.

The most favoured spot for an artist to dwell on, is the Koonoor pass, near the second mile-stone, having Hulli-kul-Droog upon the right, and, in the distance, the plains of Koimbatour, through which the diminishing stream of the second Bhownani winds like a silver thread. The rugged steeps of Hulli-kul-Droog,—here assuming every diversity of fantastic configuration of which wood and rock are susceptible, there spreading soft undulating pastures to the sunshine,—sweep down to the boiling torrent and thundering cataracts of Koonoor. Upon its lofty summit is a little fort, enjoying a grand command over all the surrounding country. This was built by Hyder Ali, and was used by him, and subsequently by his son Tippoo, as a place of confinement for state-prisoners. As a military work it is unimportant; for, though almost inaccessible to troops, it defends nothing, nor could a garrison stationed therein be available for any service, except the defence of the fort itself. It has long since been abandoned to the birds and beasts of the forest, and it could hardly be better appropriated.

The soil of the Neilgherries is naturally productive, and is susceptible of the highest cultivation; especially in the lowlands, where the Burgas raise luxuriant crops, without more labour than is necessary just to scratch up the surface, so as to cover the seed; neither tilling nor dressing is bestowed upon the land, yet the harvest is plentiful; and neither frost nor snow, nor deluge, nor drought, are known to come unseasonably, to interfere with the regular operations of the husbandman. Wheat, barley, oats, small pulse, and potatoes, have been grown with abundant success in the neighbourhood of Ootakamund, an invalid depot, which was established a few years

since by the British Government; and despite the earnest assurances of the Burgas, that the sacred mountains would return no produce to any but the devout worshippers of the divine Ram, it has been discovered that the presiding genius is, in truth, unusually bountiful in repaying the toil of European cultivators.

NAZARETH.

In our way we crossed Mount Tabor, where experience taught us what shall be the blessedness of the promise—"Violence shall no more be heard in thy land." Isaiah, lx., 18. We had reached the foot rather late in the day. Fearing, therefore, that we might lose the magnificent view from the summit if we did not use all speed, we did not go round by the regular path, but pressed up through bushes and rocks with great difficulty to the top. We had time to see where Christ, hid from the eyes of all others, is believed to have been transfigured before his three disciples, and to look down on the vast and splendid plain of Esdraelon, where the foes of Israel and of God are yet to be gathered to the slaughter. But sunset forced us to hasten down without making the circuit of the hill. At the foot, on the other side, we came upon a company of villagers, who were watching their heaps of corn; and from them we learned, that simply in consequence of our taking a trackless path and then hastening down, we had escaped a band of Arabs, who were lurking on the hill, and had plundered and killed several persons the day before. On reaching the village Deberah, where our baggage was, we found our servants, who had gone before us, despairing of our safety. But He that keepeth Israel preserved us, and put a song of praise into our lips. We felt a little of the force of Psalm xxvii. 5, when safe at rest again in our tent praising the Lord. Next day a similar peril and deliverance awaited us. We reached Nazareth early, and having surveyed the city where the Redeemer lived, "as a root out of dry ground," proceeded onwards by Sephoris. —*Missionary Record.*

TRUTH.

ADHERE always rigidly and undeviatingly to truth; but while you express what is true, express it in a pleasing manner. Truth is the picture, the manner is the frame that displays it to advantage. If a man blends his angry passions with his search after truth, become his superior by suppressing yours, and attend only to the justness and force of his reasoning. Truth, conveyed in austere and acrimonious language, seldom has a salutary effect, since we reject the truth, because we are prejudiced against the mode of communication. The heart must be won before the intellect can be informed. A man may betray the cause of truth by his unreasonable zeal, as he destroys its salutary effects by the acrimony of his manner. Whoever would be a successful instructor must first become a mild and affectionate friend.

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TOM ALLEN.

We feel assured there needs no apology for thus introducing the portrait and memoir of a brave, faithful, yet humble, British Tar; one who found a firm friend, and an "archetype, in the gentle and daring heart; in the patriotism, disinterested and sublime; in the valour that was ever merciful; in the ambition that was never base; in all the memories of devoted life and heroic death, which, age after age, shall render not less holy than unfading the laurel and the cypress upon the tomb of NELSON!"

Tom Allen was born at Burnham Thorpe, in the county of Norfolk, in 1764, and from his earliest years was in the service of Lord Nelson's family. His attachment to the person of the immortal hero, and no very great desire of naval fame, induced him to consent to go to sea with Captain Nelson when he commissioned the Agamemnon. Tom, who was then nineteen years of age, could be considered only as a raw country lad; this, added to his strong Norfolk dialect, which he never lost, did not

tend to make him be considered a very important personage in his master's retinue. The salt water, however, soon gave him a polish, and his faithful services did not long remain unnoticed or unrewarded. In the course of time he became more and more useful to his master, and at length was considered his very trusty servant; in fact, he was for a time looked upon as a part and parcel of his master, and, on shore or on board, was a constant appendage. As a matter of course, Tom followed his master into the Captain, Minerve, (in which ship Nelson temporarily hoisted his broad pendant,) and Thesens, successively, until the sad affair at Teneriffe. Tom was not on shore on that occasion, but was present at the amputation of the arm, which he often very feelingly described. He came to England with his master in the Seahorse, and after a few months returned with him to the Mediterranean. Nelson's command, persevering chase, and consequent destruction of the French fleet at Aboukir, in which he participated, formed the period of Tom's greatest elevation; but he was also with Lord Nelson, in the Elephant,

The Public Journals.

Magazine of Domestic Economy, No 53. {Orr and Co.}

[This favourite and truly useful periodical increases in the variety and interest of its subjects: the above number has a momentous paper on "The Pursuits of Youth;" and also several others of importance to housewives, relative to Domestic Matters. We have marked for selection a treatise that will impart comfort to our male friends, as it will enable them to come over their troublesome friend—the Beard—with greater facility. The following are the directions—]

On Shaving.

There is one mode better than another—a right way and a wrong for performing every operation in life—but the difficulty is to hit upon the proper one. Our comfort depends in a great measure upon this, and the object and intention of our Magazine being to afford the best information we can, connected with our domestic economy, we have endeavoured to touch upon every subject connected therewith.

To many the operation of shaving is an unpleasant and even a painful operation: but it may be rendered far less so, and even agreeable, as conducive to cleanliness, when performed daily, by adopting the best mode for effecting it. Presuming, therefore, that the face is washed before shaving, so as to remove any dust from the beard, by which the operation is greatly facilitated, that a lather is made of good, strong-bodied soap, we shall proceed to give some directions for the use of the razor.

The proper method of using a razor can be acquired only by practice; but a little previous consideration of a few particulars will facilitate the acquisition of it. Before the razor is applied to the face, that part of the skin, the hair of which is to be shaved first, should be stretched tightly by the fingers of the left hand. This fixes the hair, and prevents it from so easily escaping the edge of the instrument. When this is done, the razor should be applied to the skin in a flat position, and with a very small degree of pressure. The direction which it will then assume, will be such as to enable it to attack the hair at the root, and most quickly to produce the desired effect. Indeed, it is impossible to remove the beard completely, without adopting either this method, or a very bad one which we shall next mention. For if the razor is not pressed in some degree on the skin, the hair will bend down before its edge, and the operation may be repeated, with little effect on the beard, till the skin is completely fretted.

Another method of applying a razor is to raise the back of the razor, in a small degree, from the skin, and, in this manner, enable it to attack the hair at the root. That it will do so in this direction is admitted; but a little consideration will enable any one to perceive that the stroke of the razor (and this is of some consequence) will be much shorter, that the difficulty of the operation, and the injury

which the edge of the instrument receives will be much greater, and the skin much more fretted by this method of shaving than by that which we have before recommended. That the method alluded to cannot, on account of the nature of the surface, be adopted in all parts of the operation, is true; but it is true also, that, where it can be adopted, experience has fully assigned to it the advantages we have enumerated. The reader will recollect that, when the hair is removed from the lower part of his cheek, the sensation is less unpleasant than when it is removed from the upper lip, for example; and a little reflection on its cause will convince him of the propriety of adopting the method we recommend (and which is practised by most of those persons who gain their livelihood by shaving), wherever it can be adopted. In one case, the razor acts on the principle which we have endeavoured to establish; in the other, on that which appears to us a bad one.

We next proceed to point out another defect in the management of a razor, which is very general, and which very much diminishes the power of the instrument. This is the custom of directing the edge in a straight line towards that part of the beard on which it is intended to operate, instead of drawing it obliquely down during the time of its being pushed forwards. The consequence of this method is, that one part only of the edge is brought to bear on the object; whereas, the principle on which the instrument is formed is that of cutting, not by the direct application of weight or force, but by the quick succession of its teeth in the same direction, and over the same part of the substance. In connexion, however, with this subject, we must detain the reader a little longer to point out the method of strapping. If, indeed, it was right to expect a razor to cut by the direct application of its edge to the object, and not by the quick succession of its points on the same substance, the method of drawing the razor straightly from one end of the strap to the other (a rule laid down by those who have but little knowledge of the art, and practised with submissive thoughtlessness by a considerable part of the public), would be, theoretically and practically, the best. If, too, it was in general practicable to direct the razor upwards during the operation of shaving, the general practice of drawing it across the strap, from the shoulder to the point, would consequently be well founded. Indeed, we think that those who are the firm defenders of this mode of strapping a razor, should avow themselves the determined champions of the corresponding method of using it. But if, from a consideration of the nature of the instrument, and the principle of its operation, our readers are convinced that its power of cutting is increased by the quick succession of its teeth on the same substance, and by their meeting it instead of attacking it sideways, they will perceive likewise, that, when they are formed downwards, and when the instru-

ment itself is drawn down obliquely during the time of its being pushed forward, these points or teeth will, most easily and most advantageously, be brought to bear on the object; and, of course, that directing the razor obliquely across the strap, from the point to the shoulder, is the proper method of strapping it.

When the operation of shaving is finished, the instrument should be wiped dry and strapped a little, that no rust may be formed on its edge. In any other part of its surface, a little rust will affect only its appearance; in this it will considerably lessen its power of cutting.

In washing the face after shaving, cold water, as contributing most to strengthen the skin, is most proper.

When a razor requires setting, the following is the most approved mode.

The first thing that should be done is to prepare the hone by wiping it clean; and the second is to spread a few drops of pure oil on it, or on that part of it which is to be used. Of these two most necessary operations the objects are to prevent any particles of dirt, or other substance, from remaining on the hone, and impeding its full and equal effect; and also, to render the edge produced by it as fine and smooth as possible. When the operator has proceeded thus far, let him place his thumb and forefinger, sideways, on that part of the tang of the razor at which the handle terminates, so as to have a firm hold of the razor and its handle. Let him then lay one side of the razor flat across the hone, and so that the shoulder of the razor (which adjoins the tang) may touch the nearest part of it. Having gained this position, he may begin to draw the razor towards him, in a manner somewhat circular, and with a moderate degree of pressure, till he arrives at the very point of it. When this has been done on one side, the razor should be turned, and the same operation take place on the other side of it. In this manner he may proceed till the hone has produced the desired effect. This effect will be evident from the wiry appearance which the edge of the razor assumes when sufficiently honed; and, till this wire is produced from one end of the razor to the other, the operation is not complete. When from the appearance of the wire, he is convinced that the edge is worn to a sufficient degree of thinness, let him draw each side of the razor alternately across the hone, from the shoulder to the point, in order to unite all the parts of the edge, and produce a perfect regularity and smoothness. When this is done, the whole business is, in general, performed, and the wondrous difficulty vanishes.

In the whole of this operation, the most important circumstances to be attended to, are to begin at the shoulder of the razor, and proceed regularly to the point; to keep it quite flat, not raising the back in any degree; to press with as much force (and, with a good hone, very little is necessary) on one part of the edge as on the other; to observe that the

wire is produced throughout the whole extent; and to remove all irregularities, and cause a perfect equality of keenness, from one end to the other, by drawing it along, in the finishing strokes, in the manner we have recommended. The wire will frequently, when the razor requires much honing, separate from the edge, and remain on the hone. This must, of course, be allowed for.

When the edge of a razor that requires setting is in the usual state, that is, when it is free from notches, and has merely become thick in consequence of the use of the razor-strap, it will be found that very little honing is necessary to bring it to a proper condition. In this state razors generally are when they require setting; and, indeed, they are never otherwise, unless they are treated with shameful carelessness. When the edge has notches in it, though so small as to be scarcely perceptible, the operation requires, of course, more time and more attention. Still, however, a good hone is fully sufficient for the purpose. But when these notches are large, it is better that the cutler should have recourse to grinding.

The common methods of setting razors, are, in several respects, defective. In the first place it is usual to begin honing at the point, instead of the heel of the razor. When this is not the case, the operator generally begins at that part of the edge (its middle, for instance) which is most dull, and which, therefore, in his opinion, requires most honing. The first method is a wrong one, because it is impossible in this manner to set a razor so regularly as in the way we have recommended. The second is much more wrong, because its sure consequences are the utmost keenness in one part, and a total want of it in another. In this manner, however, do the setters of razors, professionally or otherwise, frequently operate; and hence it may be truly said, that so far from being able to answer for the perfection of the instruments which they sell, a great part of the dealers in this article are not even capable of communicating to a well-wrought razor that exquisite degree of keenness which experience and skill have power to bestow.

We have recommended our readers to lay their razors flat on the hone, when they are going to set them; and have asserted that, in this manner the operation should, in general, be performed. We know of but two exceptions to this general rule. These exceptions take place, first, when the razor (properly formed) is intended for a beard of unusual strength; and secondly, when (though not intended for a very stiff beard) its breadth is too great, or its back too thin, to admit of its edge receiving, by flat setting, a sufficient degree of firmness for the purpose. In these cases, the back must be raised a little during the finishing of the operation, in order that the strength of the edge may be proportioned to the degree of resistance it will meet with. In our opinion, such cases are comparatively rare.

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However, when they do occur, great attention and a steady hand are requisite.

Many persons imagine that frost injures razors, and for this reason keep them in a sitting or bed-room, where the temperature is even. This is a simple expedient, and easily adopted by such as entertain the opinion. The razor should, at all events, be moderately warmed, by dipping in hot, not boiling, water, before shaving.

New Books.

The Sea Captain; or the Birthright. A Drama, in five Acts. By Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, Bart. [Saunders and Osley.]

[In the preface to this play, the author states, that, "as in the *Lady of Lyons* an attempt was made to illustrate the republican soldier of the Italian campaign, so in this play the author has sought to delineate a character not less especially English, viz., the early, and, if I may so speak, the aboriginal, Sea Captain, with the same gay and prodigal contempt of the common-place objects which landmen covet and scheme for, that is still popularly attributed to his brethren, but with something also of the adventurous romance and poetic fancy with which the lingering chivalry of the Old World, and the first glimpses of the New, inspired the wild and gallant contempories of Walter Raleigh." From these materials the author has created *Norman*, the hero of the play, a brave and daring sea-captain, who has been kept ignorant of his parents, having been brought up by an old priest, and carried to sea by pirates: he returns; becomes acquainted with the secrets of his history; is recognised by his mother, and marries Violet, a young lady, whom, with her father, he rescues from the pirates. The "*Sea Captain*" is not a piece of much originality. The most prominent character is Lady Arundel, (the mother of Norman,) and the most inefficient, that of Sir Maurice, an inconceivable compound of miserable twaddle and horrid villainy, the most unnatural personification ever conceived; at one moment a bloody determined wretch, at another a funny old man. The scene is laid on the coast of Devonshire; and the time, near the end of Elizabeth's reign.

The following soliloquy by Lady Arundel, is finely given.]

It is the day—now five-and-twenty years
Elaps'd—the universal day of woe!
O Sun, thou art the all-piercing eye of heaven,
And to thy gaze my heart's dark caves lie bare
With their unnatural secret.—Silence, Conscience!
Have I not rank—power—wealth—unstain'd repute?
Do will I wrap my ermine round the past.

[Violet's invocation comes sweetly to the ear.]

O for some fairy talisman to conjure
Up to these longing eyes the form they pine for!
And yet in *love there's no such word as a trace!*
The loved one, like our guardian spirit, walks
Beside us ever,—shines upon the beam—
Perfumes the flower—and sighs in every breeze!
Its presence gave such beauty to the world,
That all things beautiful its likeness are;
And ought in sound most sweet, to sighs most fair,
Breathe with its voice, or like its aspect smile.

[The scene (à la *Othello*), where *Norman* relates his early misfortunes is truly poetical.]

Lady Arundel. You jest merrily

At your misfortunes!

Nor.

'Tis the way with sailors;

Still in extremes. I can be sad sometimes.

Lady Arun. Your wanderings have been long: your

sight will bless

Your parents?

Nor. Ah! I never knew that word.

Lady Arun. Your voice has sorrow in its calm. If I

In aught could serve you, trust me!

Violet.

Trust her, Norman.

Methinks in the sad tale of thy young years

There's that which makes a friend, wherever Pity

Lives, in the heart of woman.

Nor. (to *Lady Arun.*)

Gentle lady,

The key of some charm'd music in your voice

Unlocks a long-clos'd chamber in my soul;

And would you listen to an outcast's tale.

'Tis briefly told. Until my fourteenth year,

Beneath the roof of an old village priest,

Nor far from hence, my childhood were away.

Then waked within me anxious thoughts and deep

Throughout the liberal and melodious nature

Something seem'd absent—what, I scarcely knew—

Till one calm night, when over earth and wave

Heaven look'd its love from all its numberless stars—

Watchful yet breathless—suddenly the sense

Of my sweet want swell'd in me, and I ask'd

The priest: why I was motherless!

Lady Arun.

And he?

Nor. Wept as he answered, "I was nobly born!"

Lady Arun. (aside)—The traitor!

Nor.

And that time would bring the hour,

As yet denied, when from a dismal past

Would dawn a luminous future. As he spake

There gleamed across my soul a dim remembrance

Of a pale face in infancy beheld—

A shadowy face, but from whose lips there breathed

The words that none but mother's murmur!

Lady Arun.

Oh,

My heart, be still!

Nor.

'Twas at that time there came

Into our hamlet a rude, jovial seaman.

With the frank main boy's welcome, and wild talk

Of the far Indian lands, from which mine ear

Drank curious wonder. Brief—his legends fired me,

And from the deep, whose billows wash'd the shore

On which our casements look'd, I heard a voice

That woe'd me to its bosom: Raleigh's fame,

The New World's marvels, then made old men heroes,

And young men dreamers! So I left my home

With that wild seaman.

Lady Arun.

Ere you left, the priest

Said nought to make less dark your lineage?

Nor.

No!

Nor did he chide my aridour. "Go," he said;

"Win for thyself a name that pride may envy,

And pride, which is thy foe, will own thee yet!"

Lady Arun. I breathe more freely!

Nor.

Can you heed thus gently

The stranger's tale? Your colour comes and goes.

Lady Arun. Your story moves me much: pray you

resume.

Nor.

The villain whom I trusted, when we reached

The bark he rusted, cast me to chains and darkness,

And so to sen. At length, no land in sight,

His crew, dark swarthy men—the refuse crimes

Of many lands—(for he, it seems, a pirate)—

Called me on deck—struck off my fetters: "Boy,"

He said, and grimly smiled; "not mine the wrong;

Thy chains are forged from gold, the gold of those

Who gave thee birth!"

Lady Arun.

A lie! a hideous lie!

Be sure a lie!

Nor.

I answer'd so, and wrenched

From his own hand the blade it bore, and struck

The slanderer to my feet. With that a shout,

A hundred knives gleam'd round me; but the pirate,

Wiping the gore from his gasp'd brow, cried "Hold;

Such death were mercy."—Then they grip'd and bound

me

To a slight plank spread to the wind their sails;
And left me on the waves alone with God!

Violet. (*taking his hand*)—My heart melts in my eyes:—and Hæ preserved thee!

Nor. That day, and all that night, upon the seas
Toss'd the frail barrier between life and death.
Heaven lull'd the gales; and when the stars came forth,
All look'd so bland and gentle that I wept,
Recall'd that wretch's words, and marmur'd, "Wave
And wind are kinder than a parent." Lady,
Dost thou weep also?

Lady Arden. Do I? Nay, go on!
Nor.—Day dawn'd, and, glittering in the sun, behold
A sail—a flag!

Violet. Well, well.
Nor. It pass'd away,
And saw me not. Noon, and then thirst and famine;
And, with parch'd lips, I call'd on death, and sought
To wrench my limbs from the stiff cords that gnaw'd
Into the flesh, and drop into the deep;

And then, methought I saw, beneath the clear
And crystal lymph, a dark, swift-moving thing,
With watchful glazy eyes,—the ocean-monster
That follows ships for prey. Then life once more
Grew sweet, and with a strained and horrent gaze,
And lifted hair, I floated on, till sense
Grew dim and dimmier, and a terrible sleep—
In which still—still—those livid eyes met mine—
Fell on me, and—

Violet. Go on!
Nor. I woke, and heard
My native tongue. Kind looks were bent upon me:
I lay on deck—escaped the ghastly death;
For God had watched the sleeper!

(*To be continued.*)

Love. A Play, in five Acts, by Sheridan Knowles. [Moxon.]

[*SUCH* is the monosyllabic title of the new drama, composed by Mr. Knowles, for the most part, on the pleasant borders of beautiful Loch Ard. Its design is chiefly to exhibit the mighty struggle between love and pride in the breast of a high and haughty dame, who has conceived a secret passion for a low-born serf. This violent contest of feelings is admirably represented; pride, at first, is fiery and predominant, then love breaks out in accidental instances, and, step by step, develops itself, till the two passions appear openly striving together for the mastery, until love becomes absolute triumpher. The two last scenes have not, we think, the energy of the preceding, but it is nevertheless thickly sown throughout with beautiful passages, and stored, like a honey-comb, with sweets: with sedulous hand, therefore, we have selected for our readers the most choice of its sugared morsels.]

Secrecy.

Hush! secrets should be dumb to very walls!
A chink may change a nation's destinies,
And where are walls without one—that have doors?
Voices hush a giant's might, not a dwarf's bulk!
It passeth where a tiny fly must stop;
Conspiracy that does not lock it out
Fastens the door in vain. Let's talk in whispers,
And then, with mouth to ear.

Love's Growth.

No telling how love thrives! to what it comes!
Whence grows! 'Tis e'en of as mysterious root,
As the pine, that makes its lodging of the rock,
Yet there it lives, a huge tree flourishing,
Where you would think a blade of grass would die!
What is love's poison, if it be not hate?
Yet in that poison, oft is found love's food.
Frowns that are clouds to us, are sun to him!
He finds a music in a scornful tongue,
That melts him more than softest melody—

Passion perverting all things to its mood,
And, spite of nature, matching opposites!

Love the Coequaliser.

A hind, his hero, won the lady's love—
Wedlock joins nothing, if it join not hearts.
Marriage was never meant for coats of arms.
Heraldry flourishes on metal, silk,
Or wood. Examine as you will the blood,
No painting on't is there!—as red, as warm,
The peasant's as the noble's!

Genuine Love.

O, to be cherish'd for oneself alone!
To owe the love that cleaves to us to nought
Which *fortune's* summer—winter—gives or takes!
To know that while we wear the heart and mind,
Feature and form, high heaven endow'd us with,
Let the storm pelt us, or fair weather warm,
We shall be loved! Kings, from their thrones cast
down.
Have blessed their fate, that they were valur'd for
Themselves, and not their station, when some knee
That hardly bowed to them in plenitude,
Has kissed the dust before them, stripp'd of a.l.

A Serf, superior to his Station.

Why, art thou not a serf! What right hast thou
To set thy person off with such a bearing?
And move with such a gait? to give thy brow,
The set of noble's, and thy tongue his phrase?
Thy better's clothes set fairer upon thee
Than on themselves, and they were made for them.
I have no patience with thee, can't abide thee!
There are no bounds to thy ambition, none!
How durst thou e'er adventure to bestride
The war-horse, sitting him, that people say
Thou, not the knight, appear'st his proper load?
How durst thou touch the lance, the battle-axe,
And wheel the flaming scudion round thy head
As thou would'st blaze the sun of chivalry?
I know!—my father found thy aptitude,
And humoured it, to boast thee off? He may chance
To rue it, and no wonder if he should.

Reasons for Good Apparel.

I am too poor to put mean habit on.
Whose garments wither shall most faded smiles
Even from the worthy, so example sways,
So the plague poverty is loathed, and shunn'd
The luckless wight who wears her fatal spot!
Want—but look full; else you may chance to starve,
Unless you'll stoop to beg.

The Contrariety of Love.

I said it was a wilful, wayward, thing,
And so it is—fantastic and perverse!
Which makes its sport of persons and of seasons,
Takes its own way, no matter right or wrong.
It is the bee that finds the honey out,
Where least you'd dream 'twould seek the nectareous
store.

And 'tis an arrant masquer—this same love—
That most outlandish, freakish faces wears
To hide its own! Looks a proud Spaniard now;
Now a grave Turk; but Ethiopian next;
And then phlegmatic Englishman; and then
Gay Frenchman; by-and-by, Italian, at
All things a song; and in another ship
Gruff Dutchman; still is love behind the masque!
It is a hypocrite!—looks every way,
But that where lie its thoughts I will openly
Frown at the thing it smiles in secret on;
Shows most like hate, e'en when it most is love;
Would fain convince you it is very rock
When it is water; ice when it is fire!
Is oft its own drape, like a thorough cheat;
Persuades itself 'tis not the thing it is;
Holds up its head, purses its brows, and looks
Askant, with scornful lip, hugging itself
That it is high disdain—till suddenly
It falls on its knees, making most piteous suit
With hail of tears, and hurricane of sighs,
Calling on heaven and earth for witnesses
That it is love, true love, nothing but love!

A noble
My lady

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Spirited portrayal of a Hawk.

A noble bird,
My lady, knows his bells, is proud of them.

Countess. These are no portion of his excellence;
It is his own! 'Tis not by them he makes
His ample wheel; mounts up, and up, and up,
In spiry rings, piercing the firmament,
Till he o'ertops his prey: then gives his stoop,
More fleet and sure than ever arrow sped!
How nature fashion'd him for his bold trade!
Gave him his stars of eyes to range abroad,
His wings of glorious spread to mow the air,
And break of might to use them! I delight
To fly my hawk. The hawk's a glorious bird;
Obedient—yet a daring, dauntless bird!

Beautiful Womanhood.

Her spring was mellowing into summer then,
Young Summer! at whose genial glow, the heart
Finds wishes and affections shooting up,
Known but by name before, and thrills, and swells
With rapture of the strange and pleasurable verdure.

Love's Adventurousness.

O, never did achievement rival love's
For daring enterprise and execution.
It will do miracles, attempt such things
As make ambition, fiery as it is,
Dull plodding tameness, in comparison.
Talk of the miser's passion for his store—
'Tis milk and water to the lover's, which
Defies the mines of earth, and caves of ocean
To match its treasure! Talk of height, breadth, depth—
There is no measure for the lover's passion,
No bounds to what 'twill do!

A Passionate Exploration.

Countess. Hush, peace—
I know thou lov'st me.

Then know'st it, do'st thou?
And say'st it!—and mildly say'st it!
Not with a tone of scorn, not with a threat,
Nor accent yet of cold indifference;
For the poor serf, who, body, soul, and all,
Not being worth a tythe of thee, yet dares
To love thee!—dares to wish for thee! yes, wish,
Altho' he knows thee out of reach of him
As the sun!—as the stars—a million, million times
Beyond the sun! The poor despaired serf,
Dissuaded of himself—of thee, of every one—
Then see'st he loves thee, and thou deign'st to say it!
Say it with pity—with most tender pity!
Behold'st him kneeling at thy feet, and know'st
The passion throws him there, and suffer'st him
To stay there!—Let him die there!—Let him die
At thy feet! [Falls at her feet.]

The Stricken Heart.

The wounded body heals,
The pain is over, all is sound again,
A scar reminds you of it—nothing more;
Not so the heart, you lacerate it once!
Habit may dull, pursuit engross—divert—
But never are you ransomed from the throes.
Live your meridian out, it comes again,
Fresh as at first, to make you writhe anew.

An Anti-Baccalauread.

A bachelor—
Do you know the signs of one?

O various, but the chief, a cautious eye
And calculating. He that scans a fence,
Doth seldom make a clever leap of it:
Nine times in ten, he balks his spring, and falls
In the ditch, while he who takes it at a glance,
Does flying over. Women are show'd imp!
Behoves a man he thinks not of their pockets,
When he is looking in their faces; for,
Wear he his eye ever so languishingly,
They'll find he's only working at a sum
In Arithmetic!

Extreme delicacy objectionable.

Give not me a mistress with a fair
Transparent skin, that you can see beneath
Tracery costlier than veins of gold,
Suppose they lay in bed of alabaster;
It never stands the weather.

Love's Ardency of Expression.

Yes, oaths!
Thy life was all one oath of love to me!
Swore to me daily, hourly, by thine eyes,
Which, when they saw me, lighten'd up as though
An angel's presence did enhance their sense;
That I have seen their very colour change,
Subliming into lines past earthliness.
Talk of the adjuration of the tongue—
Compare love's name, a sound which any life
May pipe! a breath! with holy love itself!
Thou'rt not forewarn'd, because thou took'st no oath!
What were thy accents, then? thy accents, Hush?
O! they did turn thy lightest words to oaths,
Vouching the burden of a love-fraught soul!
Telling a tale which my young nature caught
With interest so deep, was conn'd by heart
Before I knew the fatal argument!

Rara Mathematica; or, a Collection of Treatises on the Mathematics. By J. Orchard Halliwell, Esq., F.R.S., F.S.A. [J. W. Parker.]

OUR respected Correspondent, (J. C. W.), in his Memoir of John Robyns,* makes honourable mention of this work, and in whose encomiums we most cordially agree. What renders the *Rara Mathematica* of great value, is the various treatises being transcribed from excessively rare inedited manuscripts. The scholar and the man of science can here readily attain that knowledge of the state of mathematics in the early ages, which otherwise they probably would have been precluded from. The treatise on the "Mensuration of Heights and Distances" is highly interesting, as are the "Observations on Numerical Contractions." The "Proposals for some Inventions in the Mechanical Arts," 1583, will also be read with great pleasure. On the whole, this work will prove a valuable acquisition to the present store of mechanical knowledge; and, had it not been so erudite, it would have been more generally useful.

Pawsey's Ladies' Fashionable Repository for 1840. [Ipswich: F. Pawsey. London: Longman and Co.]

It is pleasing to witness the very great advancement, of late years, in the Provincial Pocket Books; and the one now before us keeps pace with the rapid strides of modern improvement;—it not being inferior to any similar publication of the present day, either in its literary contents, or its pictorial embellishments. It contains a well-digested Almanack; together with the customary useful tables; many original poetical pieces, charades, enigmas, &c. But what stamps a real

* Vide the last Number of the Mirror, p. 286.

value on this *Repository* is a View of Playford Hall, the residence of that benevolent man,—THOMAS CLARKSON, whose bust now adds splendor to the Council Chamber of London. The supporters of the abolition of the accursed slave-trade cannot, we think, resist availing themselves of this representation of the peaceful abode of that great and virtuous friend to mankind. It ought to ornament the walls of the houses of every lover of liberty throughout the world.

It is also embellished with views of the East Suffolk County Courts, Ipswich; Wenham Hall; and Seckford's Alms-Houses, Woodbridge.

The Gatherer.

Norway Deals.—Christiana, the capital of Norway, is the great depôt for the best deal timber, a superiority derived from the accuracy of its sawing mills, which divide the plank with unerring certainty. There is something very ludicrous in the mode of keeping and settling accounts with the country people who come to market with the wood. They deliver over their boards to the overseers, who mark on the backs of the boors, with chalk, in letters and figures, the place to which the boards were brought, and the number of them. A droll appearance is presented, by the boors hurrying away with all possible expedition to the counting-houses of the merchants in the Quartale, with this original species of obligation on their shoulders. By stopping on their way, or engaging in any other business, they might rub out the marks on their coats, and thus extinguish for ever all evidence of the debt. When they appear before the pay-clerk at the counting-house, they have no occasion to say a single word; they present their shoulders, and are immediately paid: the brush which the pay-clerk applies to his shoulders, is the boor's acquittance.

Formerly, a tenth of all sawed timber in Norway belonged to the King of Denmark, and constituted a considerable part of his revenue.

Balloon Titles.—The following anecdote, derived from an authentic source, of the vanity of genius, and the lofty emanations which is thus frequently inspired, is not generally known. Blanchard, the aeronaut, while waiting at Tours, in September, 1800, endeavouring to raise subscriptions in order to effect his sixty-second ascent, stated, he required no larger sum than would defray the expenses: this announcement was signed by himself:—BLANCHARD, adopted Citizen of the Chief Towns of the Two Worlds, and Aerial Pensionary of the French Republic.

Value of Property in the City of London.—A jury recently awarded the occupier of two shops, (one 15 feet by 4 feet 6 inches, the other 15 feet 2 inches, by 3 feet 2 inches) in Sweeting's Alley, for the remainder of leases of 11

years and 10 years, and for loss of removal—1,550l.

Price of Babies in the Metropolis.—Conversations between two of those vile impostors who sit in the streets with infants in their laps, have been overheard as to the rate at which the young creatures had been rented, and surprise has been expressed by an old practitioner at a large sum given by one not so well versed in the market. 'How much did you give for yours?'—'A shilling a piece.'—'A shilling a piece!—Vy then you've been done, or babies is riz; one or t'other—I only gives sixpence for mine, and they feeds 'em and Godfrey's-cordials 'em and all, afore I takes 'em, into the bargain.'—*Reports of the Mendicity Society, 1839.*

Cowley, in his excellent Discourse on Husbandry, says: "We may talk what we please of *Lillies* and *Lyons Rampant*, and spread *Eagles* in *Fields of Or*, or *Argent*, but if Heraldry were guided by right reason, a *Plow* in a *Field Arable*, would be the most noble, and ancient Arms."

How soul-stirring it is to still the flow of tears,—to help as the heart desires, when the means are equal to the will: then is our state worthy of envy.

The catalogue of this autumn's book fair at Leipsic, which may be regarded as a fair index of the literary and scientific activity in Germany during the last six months, announces 4,071 new works, published by 518 booksellers. The number published in the summer half-year of 1829 was about 3,000, and that of the corresponding period in 1819 only 1,300. It is said, in a letter from Leipsic, that this increase, judging from the business which is doing by printers and booksellers, will still go on in a similar proportion.

An oratorio, composed by Miss Linwood, is at present in preparation for performance by the Sacred Harmonic Society, at Exeter-hall. This is the first time, as far as we have ever heard, that a work of this class has been essayed by a female composer, and we heartily wish it success. The poem (written, we believe, by Miss Linwood herself) is founded on the history of *David*.—*Morning Chronicle.*

Poverty is proud, and memory faithful.—*Bulwer.*

I never heard of a man being asked to give his blessing who was not expected to give something else along with it.—*Ibid.*

"I will trust no man," said the great Lord Burleigh, "if he be not of sound religion, for he that is false to God, can never be true to man."

The first mention of cellars in London, as places of residence, was in 1637.

LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.—In PARIS, by all the Booksellers.—In FRANCFORT, CHARLES JÜHLL.